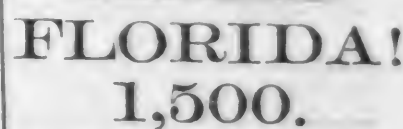


1990



[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

**A Kentucky Elopement—Tears
versus Pistol.**

About a week ago a very respectable citizen of our neighboring burg of Newport, named Mickelwaite was applied to by a gentleman for board, and an apartment for himself and lady. Mr. M. at first objected, but the stranger was importunate, alleging that his wife was of so retiring a disposition that she could not endure the gaze of the inmates of a public hotel, for which reason he was more than anxious to be accommodated. At length Mr. Mickelwaite consented to the arrangement, and having prepared a very little room for their reception, they, a cosy little party, presented themselves, and displayed a most magnificent specimen of female

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demanded an explanation. The story was soon told, the lady was the wife of the recent aviator and eloped about a week previous from her home in New York, and she had been in the hands of the robber to her present quarters with the intention of avenging his wounded honor. In the meantime, the ray Lothario had sneaked out of the room and is now in the hands of the police. The lady was the victim of the storm alone. For a while she used those unfulfilling resources of woman, tears and hysterics, and then, while acknowledging her personal responsibility, she begged that her husband be pardoned, which he was, and she was released. The lady, who chided her love, and impressed her husband with the belief that he had ceased to care for her, and how in despair at the loss of his affection, she had in vain sought to win him back, and that her husband had listened to the seductive pleadings and had accepted her and then she fell upon her knees, and gazing upward through her tears, her large and lustrous eyes, she begged him to forgive her, she implored him to forgive her. [The ray Lothario.]

Our benedict was moved—he cast one look at the murderous implement he still held in his hand, then glanced at the beautiful figure at his feet; was a moment of anxious doubt to the host, who remained a motionless spectator; but “beauty is tears” and suppliant beauty at that—pahaw—the odds were all on one side—he threw the pistol from him—raised his worst half to his room, and the next morning’s train bore them back to the faculty of Lexington.

Battles of Masaya and Granada

We have been favored by Capt. R. L. Williams of Comstock, who returned on the Tennessee from Nicaragua, with the following details of the operations and battle of Masaya and Granada, the latter of which he was a participant. General Walker was well advised of the movements of the enemy, but with his usual precaution he kept his information and plans from the public. About the 1st of October, the order was given for the two garrisons at San Carlos, Rivas, Papatapa and Masaya to move on to Masaya. The force consisted of

aga, to concentrate on Granada. Shortly afterward the advanced guard at Manaya was ordered to fall back to the main force. It was then evident that Gen. Walker had determined to draw the enemy on, and choose his own ground for battle.

On the evening of the 11th, he left Granada with 1100 men for Manaya. This is a town situated some fifteen miles from Granada, containing about 8,000 inhabitants. Nature has endowed it with a beautiful situation, and it is the center of one of the principal one stands a large church, on each side a few shops. It was here that Gen. Walker had determined to meet the forces of the Almoravides. The town was reached at 10 o'clock, and a slippery road, and before the middle of the 12th were before the town, which was in possession of the enemy, who were said to be about 40 strong.

Being advised of the approach of Gen. Walker, they had advanced on the road from the town to

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to that Mr. Callahan, our late esteemed correspondent, was last seen, wounded and nearly exhausted, pressed by some cruel and merciless enemy, yet into the bush. In this he did not succeed, and he himself was nearly upon the verge of being overcome.

N. G. FERGUSON.

HOBARTS DRYAN, it was mentioned yesterday, in this news from Oregon, that Capt. Hovey of the sixth regiment U. S. A., stationed in the mountains of Oregon, had been shot by Indians from his friends, who were accompanying him to his home. He had been shot in the back, and he died, and that his dead body was subsequently buried in the snow.

"The wild beasts had eaten almost the entire flesh from his bones, leaving enough of identity to be recognized by his friends. He was a brave and deceased as he regarded as an efficient and excellent soldier, and a good citizen. He leaves a wife and children, and a good family, and sad and untimely end."

□ The Glasgow Journal says:

The upper survey, intersecting the Louisville and

Nashville road two miles below Wilson sisters, B. C. R. R., is almost completed. This route will be about ten and a half miles in length. It is the confident opinion of those best calculated to judge that the lower route, when surveyed, will be found not to exceed eight and half miles. We think highly probable that the lower route will be adopted to locate the road upon. The survey will be pushed forward with the utmost expedition.

